# PUNCH

SUMMER NUMBER

PIRUC LIBRARY

DETROIT



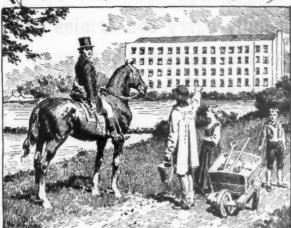
6A ENTRY



Abdullas for choice

The most popular brands are:
"VIRGINIA" No. 7 • TURKISH No. 11 • "EGYPTIAN" No. 16

Threads from the loom of times



#### "FIBRO"-

#### THE NEW TEXTILE MATERIAL

T Holywell in North Wales, until a year of two before the war, this building stood as a monument to one of the earliest cotton mills outside the "cotton shire". It was originally operated by a partner of the famous Arkwright, one John Smalley. By a coincidence, the vast new Courtaulds mill at Greenfield is but a stone's-throw away.

At Greenfield, Courtaulds are producing "FIBRO", a new raw material of rayon, for the spinning industry, which makes rayon staple available to all textile spinners.

Thus, within the space of two generations, Courtaulds have been privileged to help in the establishment of a new and virile textile industry and to initiate developments of great practical benefit to old established textile industries.

Research and experiment continue to reveal new uses for "FIBRO". As a pure fabric it has a most attractive appearance, cuts and makes up well and drapes perfectly. It blends easily with cotton, wool and other fibres to achieve the most fascinating designs and unusual finishes. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the astonishing versatility of "FIBRO", for it is equally successful in producing tablecloths and shirts, carpets and upholstery fabrics, light-weight suitings and dress materials.

In common with Courtaulds' standard rayon, "FIBRO" is now "on active service", but with the return of peace the scope of both materials will be considerably extended. They will reappear, together with other Courtaulds products, and will have a new and important role to play in raising the general standard of living.

COURTAULDS - the greatest name in RAYON



# Put your best face forward



Looking natural is a subtle art, which Yardley have brought to perfection.



BOND STREET COMPLEXION POWDER · BEAUTY CREAMS

HAND CREAM · TOILET SOAP Lavender & Rose Complexion · LIPSTICK

ROUGE · TALCUM POWDER Lavender and April Violets.

There's not much Yardley about these days, but all chemists and stores have their fair share.

\* If you have any war-time beauty problems write to Mary Foster, the Yardley Beauty Consultant. She will be very glad to help.

YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON



# The Corporal and the Sarge

They only find to lose again, They only meet to part, They've little time to linger With the language of the heart.

She to her radio station, He for the road to Rome, There's much to do and far to go Before they both come home.

And he must march full many a mile, And fight through change and charge, Ere he promotes his Corporal And makes her Mrs. Sarge.

# SALUTE THE SOLDIER

The soldier is giving up all he holds most dear. What can we do to show our gratitude? We can salute the soldier by saving.

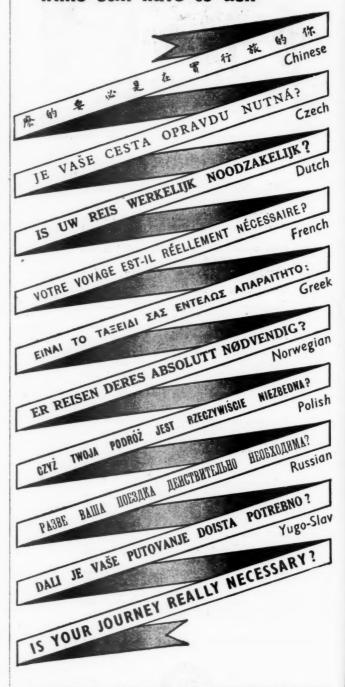
SALUTE THE SOLDIER



issued by the National Savings Committee

## **BRITISH RAILWAYS**

proudly carry the Armies of the free peoples, but meanwhile still have to ask –



RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

### BALKAN SOBRANIE **CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS**

# **SMOKING QUIZ**

Which is better — the first after breakfast or the first after you get up; the first after dinner or the last one before bed?

Does it taste better watching a bobbing float or reading the latest thriller, admiring a pretty drive or swallowing Hollywood's latest, studying the embers or watching the breakers?

Is it more satisfying in the shelter when they're over, or when it's all over, before the take-off or after the touch-down, in the bunk or on the bridge?

The answer is the same in every case — that Balkan Sobranie in-doors or out of doors, before or after action, in peace and in war has never failed to give its devotees all the pleasure and all the satisfaction they demand and deserve.



# Disordered Digestion



IN cases of impaired digestion it is essential to avoid abnormal digestive strain, such as arises when you are rushed for time or in a state of over-fatigue. This can best be accomplished by omitting a meal and drinking a cup of 'Ovaltine' instead.

This delicious food beverage is 100 per cent. concentrated nourishment in a form exceptionally easy to digest. Prepared from Nature's best foods-malt, milk and eggs-'Ovaltine' provides soothing, nerve-building and revitalising nourishment without imposing strain on the digestion.

This is one of the important reasons why 'Ovaltine' is supplied to Military and Civil Hospitals. 'Ovaltine' has for many years been considered a hospital stand-by in cases of difficult feeding. It is also widely used in Industrial and Service Canteens.





# FROM THESE DEEP WATERS COMES A WEAPON TO FIGHT DISEASE

IN THE DEEP-WATER SEAS of Greenland, Iceland and the North Pacific the halibut swims along the ocean bed. And scientists discovered that within the liver of the halibut are stored two vitamins which together form one of the most potent aids to health known to man. For halibut liver oil is a richly concentrated source of vitamins A and D, without which it is impossible for adults to maintain health or children to grow up with straight bones and strong teeth.

The Crookes Laboratories are proud to be associated with the work of these doctors and scientists—proud to supply them with the means to fight disease and to bring health and happiness into the lives of ordinary people.

### CROOKES

MAKERS OF VITAMIN PRODUCTS

We've learned a lot from him.

In the process of doing our best for the comfort and safety of pilots and aircrews we have made many discoveries. We have perfected new methods of tanning and making up sheepskins. We have learned how to make them luxuriously supple yet more weather and wearresisting than ever before.

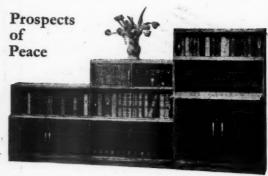
Now, looking forward to the return of peacetime, we are planning new and delightful boots, overshoes and slippers for your comfort on winter days to come.



# MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS

SHEEPSKIN FOOTWEAR

OVERSHOES : BOOTS : SLIPPERS



A FTER more than four years of strenuous effort we realise the true value of many things we took as a matter of course in the days before the war. The restful ease of a Minty Chair, for instance, and the pleasure to be obtained from a well filled Minty Bookcase are treasures that we appreciate to-day more than ever.

appreciate to-day more than ever.

Prospects are brighter, and we may look forward with confidence to the time when we can make good the gaps now cheerfully borne for Victory. Furnishing plans for the future will inevitably include Minty—for comfort, appearance and value.

# MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Minty will make more bookcases and chairs, etc., as soon as they can be sure of obtaining materials of quality sufficient to maintain their traditional standard of excellence.

MINTY LTD., 44/45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

1944



#### BY ROYAL COMMAND

Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



and designs of "Van Heusen" Collars

"VAN HEUSE
Semi-Stiff Collars

# VANTELLA The Ideal Shirt for Men

"VAN HEUSEN" by HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD., Taunton, Somerset.

"VANTELLA" by COTELLA LTD., 137-138 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD IN THEIR 100th YEAR



# For FREEDOM

"Freedom" is the word that inspires us all to put our utmost into the war effort. "Freedom in Wear" has always been the inspiration of "Van Heusen" Collars and "Vantella" Shirts. They provide the smartest, neatest, coolest wear under all conditions. "Van Heusen" Collars, in White, Colours, Khaki and R.A.F. blue. "Vantella" Shirts match all colours and designs of "Van Heusen" Collars.



Eau Cologne

ne ed

Tightly-laced, helplessly lovely, the ladies of the 1840's had to be carried ashore from a trip on the 'Skylark.'

But to-day's little Wrens walk cat-like along the quarter-boom and swarm unaided down a swaying rope ladder. Yet some things never change. The 1840 charmer, who knew that a



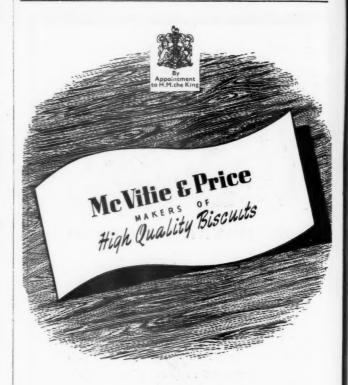
carelessly displayed ankle or the flash of a frill could make a man's heart beat faster, also knew that she needed Atkinsons exquisite Eau de Cologne to complete her charm; and Atkinsons is still the choice of the pretty. Wren when she changes her slacks for the soft swish of an off-duty skirt. But nowadays the last few drops of Atkinsons must be treasured, for manufacture of this enchanting essence has ceased until after the war. We're just as sorry as you are.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

AEC 145A-96

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.





**EDINBURGH** 

LONDON

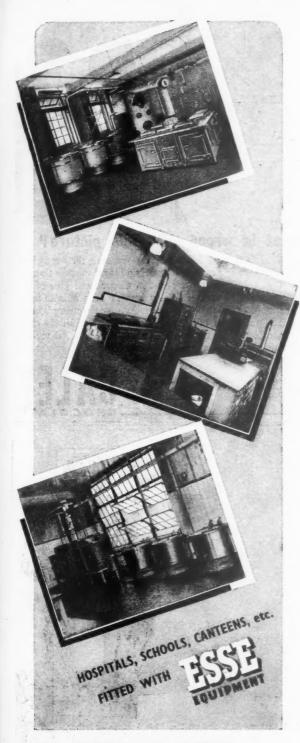
MANCHESTER



J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Estd. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

Smee's

STER



### THE ESSE COOKER CO.

Proprietors : Smith & Wellstood Ltd.

Established 185

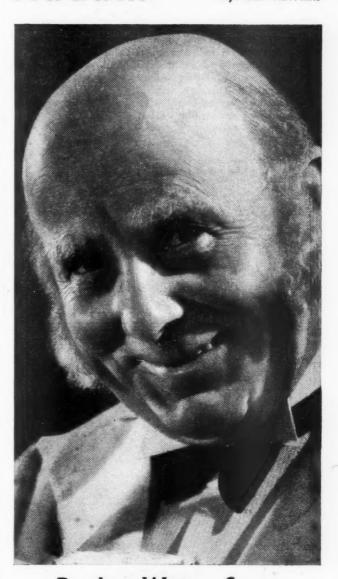
HEAD OFFICE - - BONNYBRIDGE · SCOTLAND

LONDON SHOWROOMS & ADVISORY DEPT. :

63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1

LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place
GLASGOW: 11 Diran Street, C.1

# Make it my way, Madam says OLD HETHERS



# Barley Water from ROBINSON'S

'Patent' BARLEY

Directions on tin. If you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, flavour with the juice of stewed or tinned fruit; honey or jam.



The day will come when you will ascend the gangway of a well-remembered ship bound for a well-remembered sunlit land. And your Antler

Luggage, a thing of strength and beauty, will precede you on boardeloquent ambassador of your good taste.

You can't get Antler Luggage now but superb designs will be ready... for the day.





World's Best Luggage

BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM



### What is wrong with this picture?

What a surprise for those dogs-running the wrong way round, after a cat, too! There's a bigger mistake though. Our lady punter has FORTUNE Chocolates! Out of the question, of course. Caley haven't been able to make FORTUNE since their factory was destroyed by enemy bombs. So, until it is rebuilt, Norwich Chocolate Blocks must console you for the loss of FORTUNE . . . . Noticed another error? What's a list of jockeys doing at a greyhound meeting?

By the way, Norwich Chocolate blocks are being made for us until we've a factory of our own again. Our thanks then to good friends in the Trade for coming to our aid.



This pair of Lotus Veldtschoen were bought exactly 20 years ago this month. They have been worn regularly throughout every winter and have withstood all weathers without the slightest indication of letting in water. The uppers are still in excellent condition.

# LOTUS

Veldtschoen **GUARANTEED WATERPROOF** 



fasteners on the hips to cause bulkiness or spoil the symmetry of the hip line. The now fashionable 'ZWOW' man-style pocket supersedes the old-style placket and provides the neatest of neat fasteners on the waistband. Good drapers and stores everywhere stock 'GOR-RAY' Skirts in a wide variety of attractive styles featuring the 'ZWOW.

Issued by: C. STILLITZ, Leamington Spa

# "as good in the pipe to-day as 45 years ago"

" Dear Sirs,

" You may be interested to hear that the enclosed stamp "is off one of your 1-lb. tins of "Craven Mixture" and that the "tobacco is as good in the pipe to-day as it would have been over "45 years ago when it was packed.

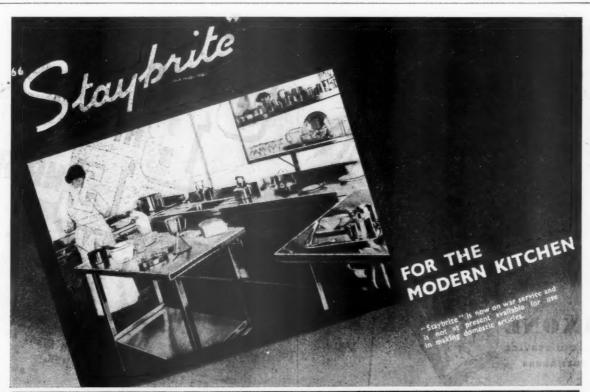
"I am in . . . on a government War Project. The "small store here has some left over merchandise of Klondyke "Gold Rush days . . . tins of your tobacco being included in

Packed LONDON 1897. Opened

The excise stamp dated 1897—Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the year before the Great Klondyke Gold Rush CRAVEN MIXTURE \*The World's most-travelled TOBACCO

MADE LTD. (Established ARCADIA WORKS. LONDON

с.м.96



FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD SHEFFI

ough. f the make mbs. must other ound

22 1944

TE



DOS RE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.G.4

Price 1/3d
in Split-ring Bakelite Holder
Refills 1/Burchase Tax

"I like Saxone because their shoes wear well and stay comfortable—it must be the fit. They even measure both feet for a





WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE. SCOTLAND

The Windak suit in use . . . . No. I





M.4b

## Landmark

Those cars made history. They brought the open country within the reach of thousands. And that wasn't all. A vast nation-wide organization ensured that wherever they went they were safeguarded by an intelligent and friendly Service. Hundreds have bought a Morris because it's a good car. But thousands more have done so because of their confidence in the Organization behind it.



# **MORRIS**





### "Your Famous Guarantee"

"A few weeks ago," runs a letter from the Middle East, "I was very pleased to receive via my regular tobacconist 4 ounces of Four Square Tobacco. My parents know I'm not satisfied unless my pipe is filled with Four Square, and so they are now sending me a regular supply. I must say, too, that your famous guarantee holds good, for when I opened each tin the tobacco was perfectly fresh and in first-class condition—if anyone should ever doubt your guarantee you are at liberty to show them this letter."

Four Square is still made, as ever, from pure tobacco—matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood; free from artificial scents and flavouring.

# FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS

In six different blends, Virginias and Mixtures.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

WILLS'S

### THREE CASTLES CIGARETTES

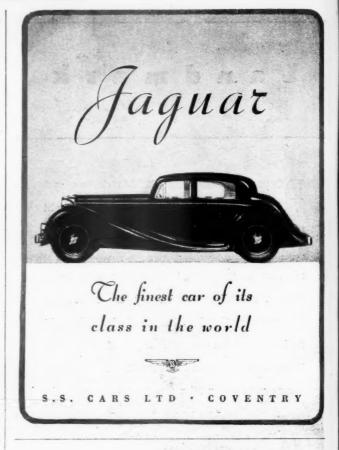




One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.



by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



## SECOND FRONT

". . . scales and degrees of attack will be reached far beyond the dimensions of anything yet employed or indeed imagined."

THE PRIME MINISTER

THE

will be there.

You can depend upon it.



In the interests of National Health

always wash your hands before meals with

WRIGHTS Coal Tar Soap

Itablet . Icoupon



# Life-springs of energy and contrivance.

It is not easy, these summer days, to keep the idea in the forefront of one's mind that fuel power in this hard and obstinate war is fire power too. But when that abstract idea takes concrete and forcible shape, is it possible for anyone — is it possible for you — to believe that nothing more remains to be done about it?

This hour, 'the hour of our greatest effort and action', demands that you, like everybody else with authority in commerce or industry, shall do better than you have ever done before in your over-riding duty of securing the utmost fuel efficiency at every point of usage.

More fuel can be saved — must be saved — NOW! No means, however trivial, can be neglected. This is a matter of life and death in which you must see for yourself, with your own eyes, that your own place is above reproach.

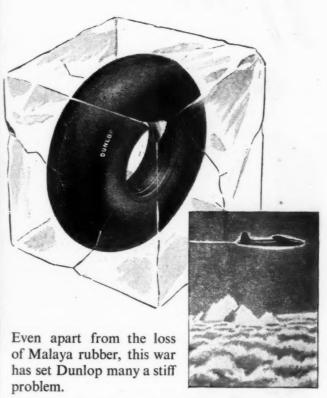
ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY

15



OF FUEL AND POWER

# What happens when tyres FREELS?



Take aero tyres, for example. When rubber goes up into the stratosphere, it freezes iron-hard. The air in it shrinks. The pressure is lower.

And it is as cold at 45,000 feet above the Equator as it is over Iceland!

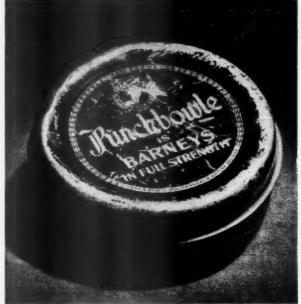
What happens when tyres freeze? Dunlop *must* know. So they have constructed a giant refrigerator, in which an aero tyre can be subjected to stratospheric conditions.

While still in the refrigerator, it is given a terrific blow to see what would happen if it had to land a heavy bomber in its frozen state.

Laboratory research reduces the risks our gallant airmen have to run.

DUNLOP





Photographed from the actual tin

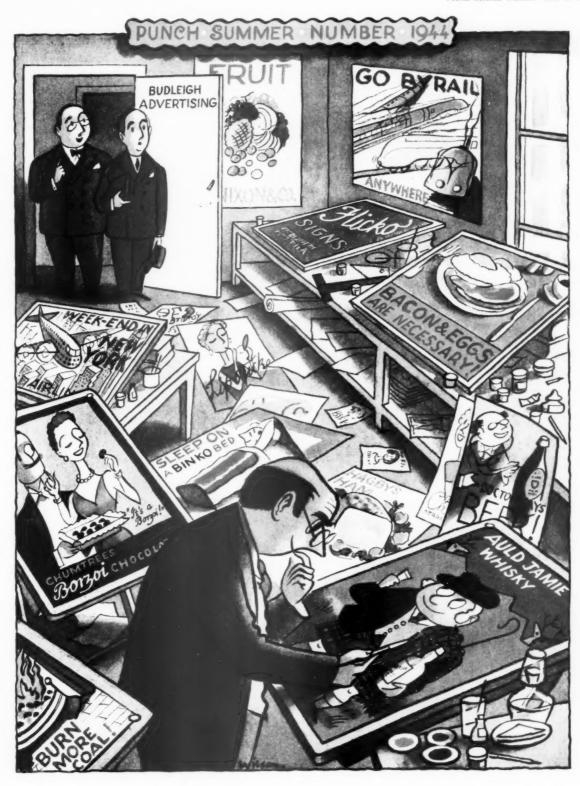
# —washed ashore at Tobruk in 1942

(From the letter of the father of a fighting man — original can be inspected.)

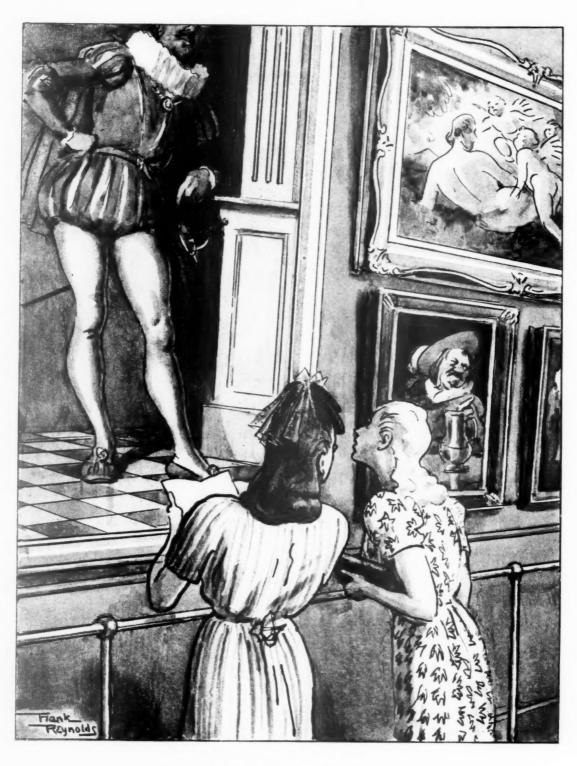
"Enclosed please find one Tin of Barneys Punchbowle.\* —
Being a regular smoker of this brand, I am forwarding
this to you to use if you so desire. . . . The story is
something as follows: My son, recently home from the
Middle East, handed me TWO tins of what he said
was 'my favourite tobacco, washed ashore at Tobruk in
December, 1942.' . . . I opened one and found it as
good as on the day it was packed and thought perhaps
you would like to see what good condition your Tobacco
retains although subject to different types of conditions."



Barneys (medium) Punchbowle (full) Parsons Pleasure (mild)



"That's Gilchrist-in charge of post-war planning."



"Look, Mabel, fully fashioned!"

#### Hongasoe J



The stuff they put out from the B.B.C. makes me ill—



the stuff they write in the papers makes me wild—



and the stuff they talk in Parliament makes me livid.



I bate the way some Ministries order us all about-



I loathe the way other Ministries spinelessly give us no orders at all—



and I abominate the way the remainder shilly-shally between the two.



I can't bear the way the Transport people treat us—



I can't stand the way the shop people treat us—



and I can't endure the way the Post Office people treat us;



but what I really can't stick at any price are the-



people who complain about everything as if this were the worst run country in the world—



instead of the best !!!!!

### The Phoney Phleet

H.M.S. "Dopey"

ELL me, I pray you, O Westerly Wind,
As you sow the spume and unfurl the foam
From Portsmouth (Hants) to the shores of Ind,
Why in the hell hasn't Bert come home?

Agatha Binks, since the day we were wed In April (roughly the 24th) Didn't you always insist that the bed Should be sited so that our heads faced North?

Didn't I humour this quaint conceit
Some seventeen years for my Agatha's sake
Until at the finish unless my feet
Were pointing southward I kept awake?

My Albert hasn't been home for years,
O Easterly Wind from the nullahs and ghats,
But drivelling idiocy fills my ears
Of beds and weddings; is Albert bats?

I joined the Navy when war broke out
(You recall my love for the rolling deep)
But my ship, the *Dopey*, was mucked about
All round the compass, so how could I sleep?



"Pity we haven't a suggestion-book in the Mess-I'd like to put a suggestion in it about having one."

I stayed awake for a fortnight, for two,
Till I thought that matters had gone too far.
Then I told the Captain it wouldn't do,
I seemed to be getting insomnia.

O Southerly Wind, as you tame the typhoon
In the lands where the caraway seed grows ripe,
Will Binks, my Albert, come home to me soon?
I asked your sisters but they talk tripe.

The Captain, dear Aggie, was prompt to say He'd arrange in future to put things right; Whatever direction he held by day He promised he'd always steer North at night.

We'd forgotten the winter, the Captain and me, The days were short but the nights were long; So we slowly progressed to the Polar Sea Where this leaves me at present, dear Agg. So long!

I omitted to ask you, O Northerly Blast,
As you chill the liver, what tale you tell.
"The ship's iced in and it's going to last.
But she's pointing northward, so Bert sleeps well."

# Piedish and the Failure of a Mission

HY they should have sent "Panther" Piedish on so delicate a mission as that of arranging the preliminaries for the surrender of Tetrahedronia is hard to fathom; in fact whether anybody really made the official decision to do so is doubtful; but the fact remains that there he was, and that was what he dimly understood to be the duty with which he had been entrusted.

In disguise, of course. It was as a "neutral business man lately in London" that he roamed the streets of the Tetrahedronian capital, darting keen glances from side to side to conceal the fact that he had only just realized the necessity of being ready, if anybody asked him, to say precisely which country he carried on his neutral business in. Sweden? He knew no Swedish. Turkey? Portugal? Chile? Switzerland? Eire? The same sort of difficulty.

His passport would have been a help, if he had not lost it when raising his hat to a beautiful Tetrahedronian girl in a park on the evening of his arrival. It had fallen into an ornamental pond and sunk from sight like a stone. Piedish had called a policeman, but being unable to speak more than a few words of Tetrahedronian either, he found it impossible to make the man understand what was wrong. By signs, the policeman indicated that Piedish was perfectly at liberty to dive into and swim in the pond if that was his inexplicable desire; but Piedish knew very well that if he did this his face and probably even his clothes would present a radically different appearance when he came out. So he cut his losses (the girl had disappeared too) and left the park, fuming.

He was now on his way, by a devious route, to a prearranged meeting-place where (he vaguely understood) he was to browbeat a few emissaries. The meeting-place was of course a café: a private room had been booked, refreshments included. His mind now ran on what he should say if more refreshments were offered than he could cope with, though he determined to pocket all the eggs he could (the egg situation is considerably easier in Tetrahedronia than in Britain, owing to the height above sea-level, or the friction of the air, or something)

The name of the café was Au Lapin Formidablement Bleuûtre—one with a French name had been chosen because, as he had more than once told them at the Foreign Office, all words in Tetrahedronian looked alike to him. As he approached it he could see outside several bicycles of diplomatic appearance, one or two objects he thought might be supply sampans, and what he at once recognized (from photographs) as the Tetrahedronian Foreign Office bus; it was obvious that everybody else was here already. He quickened his pace and ran over in his mind the two sets of Minimum and Maximum Demands with which he had been provided.

But on no account," they had told him, "be explicit. Do nothing but hint. Be vague. Don't give 'em anything

to hold on to."

Piedish had nodded sternly.

'I get it."

"And for God's sake don't wear that tie."

But now, on second thoughts, he was realizing the fficulties. It was all very well, but how was one to convey by hints the fact that it might be possible, in certain circumstances, to allow Tetrahedronia to continue mining up to five-eighths of her pre-war capacity in that part of the Asymptotian asbestos-mining area bounded on the north side by the river Surd and on the south, east and west by the lines laid down in 1884 and modified in 1889 by the South Hexagonia Coke-Polishing Commission? And this was one of the simpler Maximum Demands; some of the Minimum Demands it was impossible to state without reading whole paragraphs from Blue Books, pages torn from which he had brought to Tetrahedronia with him but had at the moment unfortunately left behind in his hotel.

He got to the café, gave the prearranged name to the proprietor, and was shown into a back room. Seventeen men of undistinguished but diplomatic aspect were drinking Tetrahedronian tea round a large table. As Piedish entered a tall man with a beard, who seemed to be in charge of the sphir (a Tetrahedronian device for making tea in), called out to him in English "One lump or two?

"What of?" replied Piedish cautiously. He never drank

tea at all and was unfamiliar with this inquiry.

The seventeen men looked at each other. (This took time.) They were well aware that the negotiations were to be conducted in hints, and nearly all of them were hard at work thinking out the implications of Piedish's question. Two of them who were shorthand-writers and had taken it down were to be seen transcribing it again in full and staring at it suspiciously.

Without-further inquiry the bearded man poured out and handed Piedish some tea in a tiny Tetrahedronian cup. This being only the third year of war in Tetrahedronia, cups there still had handles; though (this being the third year of war) when used to lift the cups by, the handles

usually came off.

This happened now, and the trousers not of Piedish, for he was still standing, but of two men sitting close to him, were soaked with Tetrahedronian tea. They rose with black looks, brushing themselves down; but all Piedish said was-

"Damned inefficient crockery, what?"

The shorthand-writers immediately recorded this and studied it, afterwards transcribing it for other members of the party who came to look at it over their shoulders.

There was a long silence, broken only by the brushing down of trousers. Piedish looked out of the window, across the road at some buildings opposite, on the roofs of which he could see a variegated assortment of fire-guards'



"I bear Littleborough Home Guard bagged a SIX-engined Heinkel last night."

blankets hanging out to air. At length one of the Tetrahedronians, a bent and wrinkled worthy who looked very nearly old enough to be a link with the past, cleared his throat, saying—

Everybody looked at him. The bearded man closed the lid of the sphir with a clang and said in a rasping tone: 'You mean-

The elderly man nodded. Everybody now looked at Piedish, who did not feel justified in saying anything but the first words that came into his head. They proved (oddly enough) to be-

"But here, where distances are so much greater-For some reason this annoyed the bearded man. He replied sharply "Distances here are exactly the same as

anywhere else."
"Nonsense," said Piedish, who could not bear to be

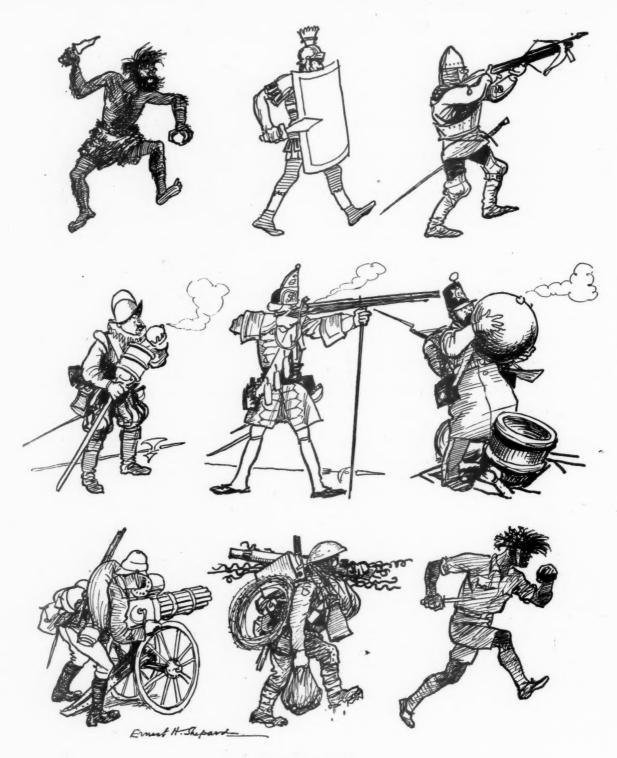
contradicted.

Sixteen of the seventeen men at once stood up. The seventeenth, who was extremely short, had been standing up unnoticed all the time.
"If you take that tone, sir," said the bearded man,

"there is obviously nothing more to be said."

They filed out. At first somewhat surprised, Piedish later remembered that the Tetrahedronian sense of personal honour was extremely keen and responsive to any fancied slight. For him too the only course of action was to leave (after looking keenly but unavailingly round for any stray eggs).

You want to know how he got back without his passport? Well, I hate to admit this, but he didn't. After trying once or twice more to explain to policemen in that park, he simply settled down to wait till Tetrahedronia really had surrendered. Took about three weeks; the F.O. made a wiser choice for their second negotiator. A former Public Relations officer named Awle-Bradley (Brad) Awle, of Awle and Sundrie. Piedish was frightfully sick-the only man that could ever beat him at noughts and crosses.



AS YOU WERE



"And this is Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, occupied at the moment by the fire-watchers."

### The Western Desert Arms

THE first summer after the war I am going to make my fortune. I have bought a fashionable roadhouse on the Great West Road, which I shall rename the Western Desert Arms. For an inn-sign it will have the Eighth Army badge on one side and on the other an old "brew"-can.

The inn has an acre or so of garden, which (at some expense) I have covered with rock and sand. It now presents a very fair picture of the less attractive parts of Libya-say, somewhere around Fort Capuzzo or Sofafi. Here Eighth Army veterans will be encouraged to bring their wives and families to give an air of "verisimilitude to their otherwise bald and unconvincing" answer to the question, "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" The bald answer is, of course, "Well, we brewed up a good deal, you know.

On entering the pub, each party will be issued with a brew-can, a small quantity of pink petrol, an old fourgallon tin, a bayonet and a shovel. Sand for the fire may be found in unlimited quantities anywhere in my "desert." While the remainder of the party make the fire (any Desert Rat will show you how) the head of the family draws the rations. None of your new-fangled rations such as are a positive embarras de richesses in Italy nowadays-fresh meat and bread and popular brands of cigarettes and so on. But bully beef or M and V, biscuits, the measured ration of tea, sugar, milk, jam and margarine, and-of coursea packet of V cigarettes. All cooking will be done by the guests themselves, and they will bring their own eating utensils.

You may think that few people will pay the heavy entrance fee which I shall demand, if they are to get no more than this; but I don't agree. Not merely will my profits be all the bigger if the rations are strictly measured out on Army scales, but more, not fewer, people will come because of it. "Old men forget, yea, all shall be forgot, but he'll remember with advantages . . ." As a counter-blow to his wife's boasts about the smallness of the rations in England from 1940-44 (the scarcity of oranges, milk, butter, meat, and so on) the returned soldier will want to prove that he too has known hard living and short rations—the shorter the better for this purpose. So he brings his wife to my road-house and demonstrates to her. in the flesh (and "with advantages"), what he had to live on. Not merely

will he want to show her (1) the "miserable" rations and (2) the extraordinary discomfort of life lived in the open air with no tables or chairs, no cover, and none of the usual offices, but he will also be anxious to impress upon her (3) his exceptional skill in making delicious delicacies out of such unattractive materials in such difficult conditions. (It's wonderful what a difference a cube of meat extract or a pinch of curry powder makes in a bully stew.)

I am willing to compromise to this extent. Nothing except weighed-out rations. But, on the other hand, every night is to be a P.R.I. night. That is to say, you will be able to buy meat cubes, ketchup, tinned pineapple, chocolate, lime-juice and the other stores, normally only available after a 3-ton truck had made the perilous three-hundred-mile journey to Cairo and back. Perilous not because of our artificial enemy the German, but because of man's natural enemy the military police and their check poststhe police, whose masters did not always approve of such unauthorized restocking of the luxury larder.

One other concession. I shall employ an old "character," chuckerout and waiter combined (my wages bill will be negligible) dressed as a dirty Bedouin arab, and he will be ready to barter "eggis"—not for money but for "chai" or "sucro." I should prefer that this tea and sugar should come out of the issued rations, but there has never yet been discovered

any way of preventing the Desert Rat from carrying large ill-gotten stores of these two commodities for barter purposes. In this case they will doubtless be smuggled in from home sources.

The drink problem is more difficult. There will be an issue of one can of American beer per head per night, sold at the same exorbitant price that we used to pay for it; but there must be none of this new-fangled Italian wine, and only a suitably short ration of whisky and gin. The drink of the Desert Army was tea, and my pub will stand or fall by the strong sweet brews that my patrons make for themselves. They can choose their own water. The list will be:

Quartier - maître (indistinguishable from full-strength chlorine gargle) Tobruk (salt) Capuzzo (very salt) Vehicle Reserve (tawny-very old) Radiator (ruby) Bir Ordinaire (famed for its bouquet).

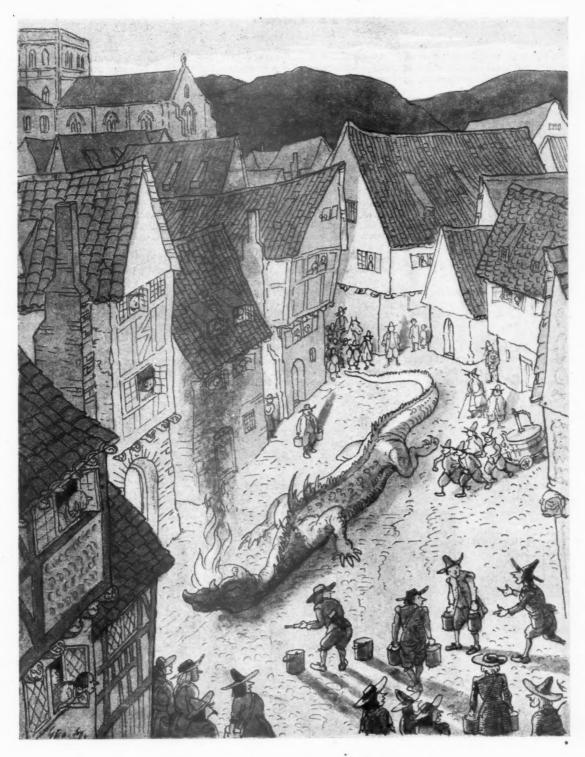
Water will be unrationed because there is no real way of bringing home to one's wife the meaning of water rationing without inviting odious comments.

There will be no tables of course, or chairs, but I have bought a number of derelict Army trucks which I have dotted about my desert, and patrons can reserve these in advance, as landmarks to anchor their parties to. No music, except "Lili Marlene" at 11 P.M. by loud-speaker, for on the whole we had no Ensa parties in those distant days (though I remember one Ensa party getting shelled at Alamein during a performance). But if any genuine enthusiast likes to resurrect the Jerboa Strollers or any other of the divisional concert parties, I can offer them a lucrative contract.

Saturday nights will be double price for the weekly gala Khamseen. I have installed an air-conditioning plant (in reverse) which can be turned on to produce a blast of hot wind at terrific speed, and heavily laden with sand cloud. In all respects, the conditions of the worst May sandstorm will be reproduced. I don't think that many people will actually enjoy the experience, but who will not jump at a chance to show such a thing off to wife and home-staying friends?



My pub will be all the rage for a few months. I shall of course sell out on the crest of the wave.



"Wait a minute-it may be an explosive one."

### Ye Cake!

By Smith Minor

T's a funny thing, wich you may of notised, but nearly all the artickles I write Green tells me not to, in fact once I said to him,

"Look here, if I didn't write all the artickles you tell me not to, I wuoldn't write anything.

"Then England woold be a hapier

place to live in," he said.
"You may be right," I said, "in fact, very likely you are, only in that case wuoldn't the Editer know?

"I have long come to the conclushon, young Smith," he said, "that your Editer is a very kind man."

"I grant that," I said, thouh the thort dashed one a bit, if you know what I mean, "but

> Editers must kindness stop If their circulashuns drop.

"Did you make that up on the spur of the moment?" he said. "I must of," I said. We were both

surprised. 'it be true?" "But, anyhow, wuoldn't

He shut his eyes and thort, he beleiving that one always thinks best in the dark, if you have trubble you try it, and I guest that something was coming and that he was "spurring a

moment," too, as one might say, if one did, wich I have. Then he opened his eyes and said,

"I'd bet a bombshell to a pin You only hang on by your skin."

"You may be right again," I said. But Green didn't tell me not to write the artickle I am going to write now, in fact it was him who suggested it. It's about, well, that's what I'm going to tell you.

One morning I got up in rather a gloomby mood. I have them sometimes, often not knowing why. I mean, if you lose any sum over threepence or if your white mouse looks thin, saying of corse you have a white mouse, well, then you know why, but there are other times when you ask yourself, "Why am I gloomby?" and you try to find the reason, but lo! you cannot! And it's funny, but when you don't know why you are gloomby you are gloombier than when you do.

What I generelly do is to take a walk and bend my mind, as they say, on Nachure, wich being chock full of good things, at least I think so, you may always come upon one of them. For instanse, you may see a butterfly on a

cabage, or a worm getting away from a bird, however much you like birds, or even a lizard. Once I found a lizard and got it up on my hand without it being afraid, and that made up for losing 1/2d.

But this time, as I have said, I didn't know why I was fealing gloomby, and all I came upon was two snails meating on a path and seaming somehow surprised, it was interesting, but not enough, so when I got back I wasn't any farther on than when I started.

What's the matter?" said Green.

"I don't know," I said.
"Then nothing can be the matter,"

"What's in my left-hand trowser pocket?" I said.

"I don't know," he said.

"I'll show you," I said, and took out a handkercheif, a pencil, two bits of toffee, an indian rubber face (I don't care for it much, but it was given to me last Christmas by my aunt, the rather ill one, and I keap it in my pocket becorse whenever we meat she asks me if I've still got it and if I didn't show it to her she'd proberly think I hadn't), and fourpence.

"What are you showing me all those for?" said Green.

And then I said, "To prove to you that if you don't know a thing it dosen't mean it's not.'

So then he said, "Well, now I know what is the matter with you."

"What?" I said.

"You are sickening for Coney Hatch," he said. "But luckerly I can cure you.'

"How?" I said.

"By telling you that the Parcel Post has come and there is a parcel for

you," he said.
"I grant you that might," I said, "thouh of corse it will depend on what's

"I say, you are gloomby," he said.
"I feal gloomby," I said, "and it wuoldn't cure me if, say, it was a book come back from someone I've lent it to.

"Do they live in New Zealand?" he said.

"No, New Milton," I said.

"Well, this is from Wellington, New

Zealand," he said.
"Go on," I said.
But, lo! it was!

It was a very large parcel with New Zealand stamps all over it. When you opened the parcel you came to a large



"Good-bye, darling."

tin box, and when you opened the large tin box you came to some more paper, and when you opened the more paper, wich your nose was already smelling throuh, lo! and lo again! you came to an enormous fruit cake! And, listen, when I say fruit cake I don't mean the kind you call a war-time wash-out, no, I mean a fruit cake

> Of the kind one used to know In that distent long ago.

In fact, at first you didn't jest beleive it! "My hat!" I said.

"Le mien, aussi," said Green. (We both speak a bit of French, having to.) "Jest look at it," I said.

"Jest smell it!" he said.

"You can't get away from it," I said. "You don't want to," he said. "Aren't you going to taste a bit to see if it's as good as it looks?"

"Right," I said, "we'll both have a

But, to my surprise, he looked dowbtful.

"I don't think I ouht to," he said.

"Whyever not?" I said.

"Becorse it was sent to you," he said, "and one feals it was meant for

You wuoldn't get many chaps looking at things like that, most of them woold sieze all they coold get without asking. But Green's exeptional.

"Look here," I said, "I'm sure it was meant for you, too, becorse, in a way, we're almost the same."
"I hope not," he said.

"Don't be silly, you know what I mean," I said, "but anyhow, don't all desent Englishmen share their luck? Come on, lend us your knife."

"All right, if you insist," he said.

"I hoped you wuold."

So then we cut two small slices, but before we ate them we wished, Green wishing, he telling me afterwords, that his voice wuoldn't sometimes go up into a squeak the way it sometimes dose, and I wishing that the two snails I'd seen woold get across the path before anybody came along and trod on them, and then we ate the cake, and then we looked at each other for quite a long wile without speaking. Honestly, we felt a bit emoshional.

"Talk about pre-war," I said, when

I cuold.

"It's pre-pre-war," said Green. "Look here, old man, read the letter and see who it's from, and when you write and thank them tell them how, to two distent English boys, Life sudenly became a beautiful thing.'

Well, then I read the letter, and, let alone the cake, it was one of the most interesting letters one had ever



"Ah, Ponsonby, wasn't it you who at one time had some idea of making a career in the Army?"

recieved. But, being what you might call over-modiste, the lady who had written it never gave her name or address! It made one feal a bit blanque. For how, now, cuold one thank her?

We wracked our brains to think of a way. We didn't think a letter addressed to "Cake-Sender, Wellington," wuold get to her, and if I wrote to the Mayer, even saying there was one, woold he trubble?

"Or I don't supose the B.B.C. wuold, iether," I said.

"No, the cake's importent to you," said Green, "but not to them."

"Well, if sound waives are no go, what about thort waives?" I said.

You do it like this. One person thinks hard of something, and the other person thinks hard of nothing, and if you're lucky, what the first person thort goes into the second person. Green and I can do it a bit, thouh the nearest we've got is him thinking of an orange and it getting into me a grape. But we desided that New Zealand was too far.

Then Green said, "How about puting something in a paper?"

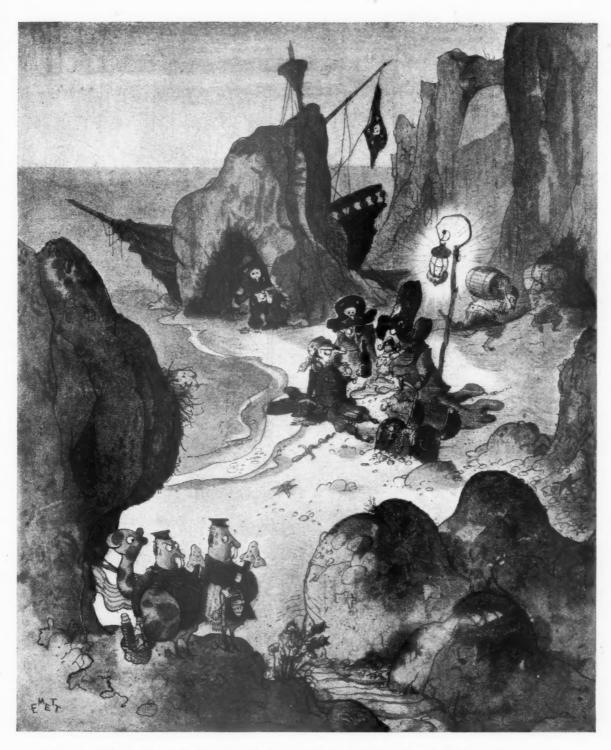
"Ninety to one she wuoldn't read it," I said.
"She reads Punch," he said.

And if that wasn't a knock-out brainwave, well, what is?

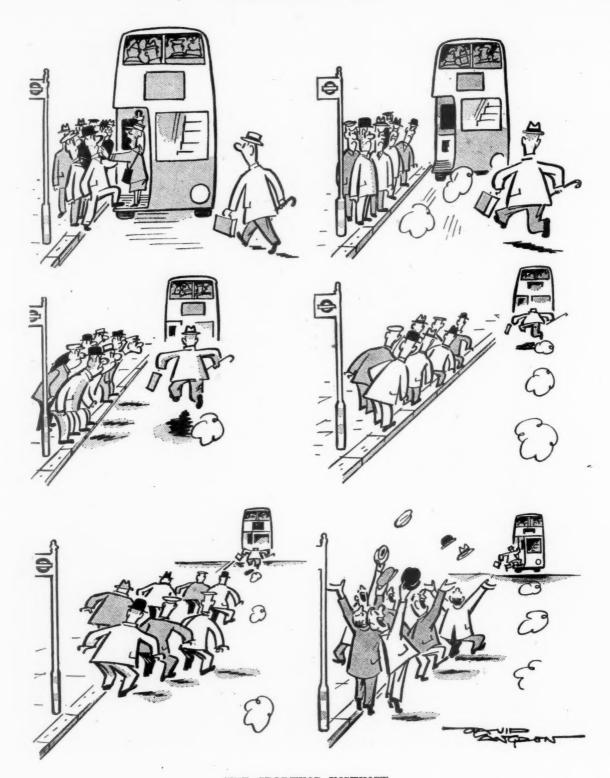
Anyhow, now you know why I've written this artickle, and why this time Green didn't tell me not to. And he was right about one other thing, too. That cake did cure me of my gloomb.

P.S. I gave a bit to a robbin, like she asked.





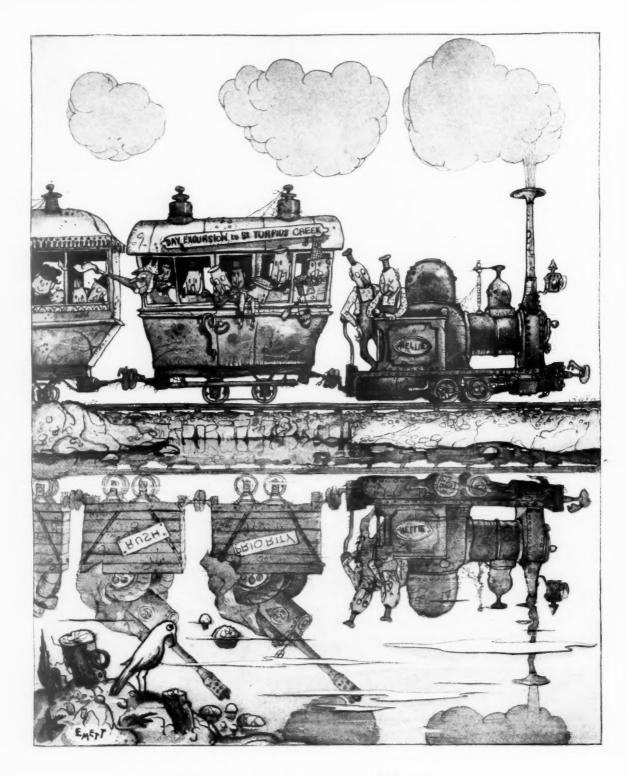
"All day huntin' for a cove without this barbed-wire tomfoolery, and then you find it's bagged."



THE SPORTING INSTINCT



"I don't suppose any of you noticed the pipit's nest we've just passed."



"Takes a bit of getting used to, a spot of 'oliday traffic."



"Well, perhaps we used to be just a little OVER-ZEALOUS, shall we say, in those early days."

#### THE WARRIOR'S RETURN



"By Jove, old boy, it's grand to see you back from Africa and Europe and—



Asia and Australasia: come along and I'll show you—



the crater in Brigg's field-



and then the road block in Hyacinth Lane—



and then the F.A.P. at the cross-roads—



and then the bridge over the Dibble the Home Guard made—



and then the battle-course on the



and then what the bomb did to Johnson's barn—



and then what the tank did to Honeysuckle Cottage—



and then what the evacuees did to the Manor House—

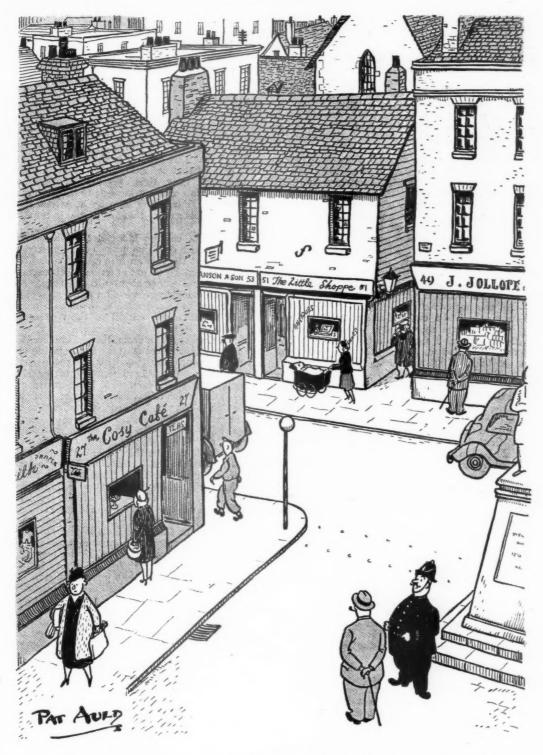


and then, finally, one day very soon you simply MUST—



tell me all about Africa and Europe and Asia and . . ."





"If you want my opinion, Sir, it won't be long before they're taking down all them window-boards and putting them up again for the peace-night celebrations."

### Housing

SHOULD warn people that this article, while doing its best to keep abreast with modern thought, will not be so topical as its title suggests. I dare say my readers are expecting me to deal with housing in the future, prefabrication and so on. Actually my subject is housing in the present; I shall point out, for historical purposes, some of the features of the sort of houses we have been living in all these years, and explain the ideas behind

their construction.

I think I am right in saying that all doors except cupboard doors open both inwards and outwards; that is, inwards to those one side of them and outwards to those the other. Thus architects have had to consider how to reduce to a minimum the number of people to be knocked down by a suddenly-opening door, and have come to the decision that it is not fair to expect anyone walking down a passage the average width of a passage to keep out of the door's range, but that people inside a room can look after themselves. Furthermore, people approaching a door from a passage are apt to be carrying a heavily-laden tray, and with a door opening in to a room they have a sporting chance of finding it ajar and being able to elbow it open. All this has added up in architects' minds to a right of way established on a sound moral basis and resulting in the average door opening without hesitation inwards, that is, outwards from the other side. But it is with the front door that we see the effect of a real moral basis on the mind of an architect. Front doors open inwards, that is, outwards from the other side, for one reason only. It is not because anyone opening a front door which took the opener out on to the step would get wet if it was raining, because this disadvantage would be offset by being able to keep the hall-stand anywhere in the hall instead of a yard from the front door. No. Psychologists tell us that front doors open inwards because, if they did not, it would be the visitors on the doorstep who would have to stand a yard from the front door, and this would bring them well into view from the window. As things are they are able, by standing with one foot on the raised bit immediately in front of the door, to kid themselves that no one can see them, but that even if anyone can it doesn't matter because a foot on the raised bit denotes the eagerness proper to a visitor. Thus hospitality has created the front door as we know it, and it is to be hoped that future architects will not discard a fine old-fashioned

What principle, if any, underlies the average staircase? Well, in building stairs architects have always kept a firm grasp of human nature and have therefore saved the shallowest steps of a flight for the bottom, arguing that where the public needs encouragement is not in coming downstairs but in going up. Another thing architects have borne in mind is that people at the bottom of staircases are prone to hand newspapers to people half-way up for people right up, in other words in bed, to read. For this reason the average staircase has just enough space between the banisters for a newspaper, or even a magazine, but not for anything bigger, architects having decided that it is no good building a house on the principle that people are going to start putting furniture through the banisters just because they feel like it. Some staircases turn round at the top; this is another concession on the part of architects, who know as well as we do that we can shout down the stairs more impressively if we are out of

Now for mantelpieces. The average fireplace has a shelf above it and round it some sort of border with enough carving or angles to act as evidence of dusting. Apart from dusting the public takes no notice of the mantelpiece except for the shelf, which it finds very useful. This brings me to an interesting side of human nature. Architects, realizing that the mantelpiece would look unfinished without a shelf, have decided that the public would like a shelf there to keep things on. The public, realizing that this shelf is useful for keeping things on, have decided that architects put it there to finish off the mantelpiece. Only thus, psychologists say, can they explain people's constant struggle to keep the mantelpiece clear of everything they keep on it, except a clock and such ornaments as they think respectful to the mantelpiece

No one can be sure if architects deliberately fix the height of a room or if they just go on as high as they have space for, but there is an idea in the public's mind that the ideal height is just out of reach. This exempts people from having to worry about dirty ceilings. As for the ornamental mouldings we find on some ceilings, the public is apt to regard these as extra, or a nice surprise, and is therefore not critical of them except to make

conversation.

The surface area of a room, that is, whether it is too big or too small, is another matter. Psychologists tell us that every time people say they wish any room was bigger or smaller they really believe that by saying it they are doing something to make it so, and that there is an extreme type of mind which thinks that, by saying this with enough expression to a sympathetic ear, it has done the equivalent

of ten minutes' housework.

It is in the details of a house, rather than the design as a whole, that the public can see what architects are after. It is perfectly clear to the public that those panel things above and below door-handles are there to keep fingermarks off; indeed it is so clear that the public rather resents it, feeling that architects do not need to indicate so obviously what they think of their public. Doorhandles are another interesting indication of architects' insight into human nature. It is fairly clear, studying the upward trend of the door-handle through the ages and its corresponding tendency to grow rounder and smoother, that architects have realized that dog-owners and catowners like to boast of their pets' ability to open doors, and have set dogs and cats a progressive standard of proficiency; indeed the most modern doors are apt to have their handles set low again, as a proof that architects have decided to call the whole thing off.

Another bit of architectural insight is what is technically known as a recess; that is, a section of a room which goes in further than the rest of the wall. The fact that the rest of the wall is coming out further makes no difference to the public's unconscious gratitude to architects-a sensation of being one up on Fate -which it experiences from having this extra space to its rooms, because it is thereby given the pleasurable choice of finding that the piece of furniture it thought would fit exactly does fit exactly, or finding that it would fit if it were three inches narrower; and, psychologists tell us, it is finding that a piece of furniture does not quite fit into a recess which has always finally convinced people that the house was designed specially

for them.

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Why is it-



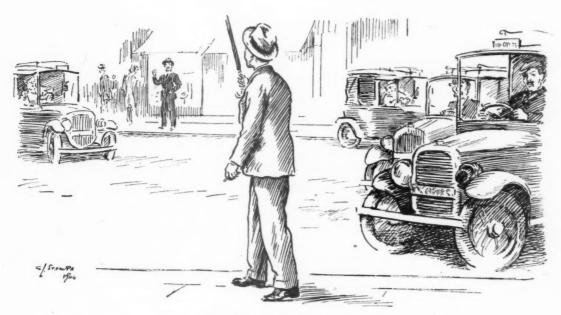
when I bail-



a taxi-



they all fly past me with their flags down?-



But when I hail a friend . . .

### Sailor's Task

E were two hundred miles from . . . (deleted) When a single torpedo-shot scored, And the squarehead shut down and retreated, Feeling certain his target was floored. . . . When a little blue bay Gave us shelter one day We'd a fair tropic sea stowed aboard.

So I can't blame the Hun for his notion, For it looked like the end of that craft, With a gunwale-bar taking the ocean-And we drew maybe forty feet aft. When those lads, just ashore, Had to board her once more They believed that the captain was daft.

Well, we got the auxiliaries started, And the main boilers gave her some steam, But the tank-filling turned her light-hearted And the wind dragged both anchors abeam . . . Then a nucleus crew Brought her back, while it blew, Leaving four of her boats in the cream.

Next, the bulk of our hands had to scatter, For the spies fairly stank in those isles, And in secret we sailed for-no matter, But a hundred and thirty good miles. And, for work of repair, We made everything there-From the rivets and bolts to the piles.

There was concrete, with bars built to back it, For a patch—fifteen hundred square feet. It was just before Christmas, our packet; It was March when we left our retreat, With the "fridge" kept a-throb Through the whole of the job, So we brought home the butter and meat.

DEAR Mr. PUNCH,—It may comfort you to know that my favourite pair of socks bears the cheery label of your Comforts Fund.

"These socks were given to me in the beginning of the war and served through the Flanders campaign and more than twelve months of trapesing across deserts in the Middle East. The wool is matted and apparently quite hole-proof, in fact I feel that a testimonial parodying the old Pears Soap tramp advertisement is their just due-something on the lines of 'since then I have worn no other.

"Thank you, Mr. Punch."

(Signed) G. W. A., Capt.

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

### Forty-Eight

Monday

7.30 p.m. Flight Commander says "By the way, aren't you due for a forty-eight?" Ask "What is a forty-eight?" Flight Commander says "Well, crack off first thing in the morning, old boy; catch the 8.10 train." Restrain impulse to thank him for letting me know in such good time. Attempt to telephone wife.

9.20 p.m. Operator says "Thah's noo replay from

your numbah, sah.'

10.0 p.m. Get through to neighbour's house. Say "Hullo, is Mr. Ginch in?" Rasping voice says "No." Say "Is Mrs. Ginch in, then?" Voice says "No." Say "Oh, are they both out?" Voice says "Seems like it," and rings off. Operator says "Ay can't give you anothah call for an ah, sah." Send telegram.

10.15 p.m. Alter cardboard clock on bedroom door from

"Call at 8 a.m." to "Call at 7 a.m."

Tuesday

8.0 a.m. Batman shakes me and says "Eighter clocksir; I seen the clock on the doorsir, but you're alwers called at eight, so I thought someone 'ad bin playin' a

10.50 a.m. Porter at station says 10.40 is running

twenty minutes late, so it should be in by 11.15.

11.30 a.m. Train arrives. Am fortunate enough to find standing-room in corridor. Little man says "Couldn't Say "No." Little man says "Me neether." find a seat?"

12.20 p.m. Small child crawls around my feet. Fond mother says "Isn't he a little duck?" Derive satisfaction from picturing it roasted and served with green peas.

2.15 p.m. Reach London. Discover too late that little duck has tied my shoe-laces together. Little man helps me up, tells me I didn't half fall. Join taxi queue.

2.40 p.m. Still in queue. Begin planning world revolu-

2.50 p.m. Share taxi with florid woman who smiles, then says she is so sorry but she thought I came from Birmingham.

3.10 p.m. Reach home. Search unsuccessfully for note of welcome from wife, who will not return until 5.30 from war-work (supervised by ex-maid discharged for inability to make tea, even with aid of written instructions). Enter larder; examine dried eggs, dried milk, dried sardine.

3.50~p.m. Grocer places forty-eight-hour rations in palm of my hand. Return home.

4.20 p.m. Switch on electric fire. 4.22 p.m. Mend fuse. Sit by gas fire in bedroom.

Study train-times for return journey.

5.15 p.m. Put kettle on gas-stove. Search medicinecabinet for something to soothe scorched finger. Medicinecabinet crashes to floor, splashing uniform with terrible perfume given to wife by spiteful niece. Wonder how my comments would sound in Basic English.

5.20 p.m. Telephone rings. Lift receiver; brittle-voiced female tells me I must send six pounds of potatoes and a packet of mixed herbs immediately. Tell her I am Wolf J. Smith, Plumber and Confectioner; replace receiver.

5.25 p.m. Switch on wireless. String quartet plays "Pistol Packin' Momma."

5.40 p.m. Boy delivers telegram announcing that I will arrive this morning.

5.45 p.m. Telephone wife's place of employment; learn

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that she has day off. Spend next hour telephoning friends and asking if wife is with them. Tone of many negative replies indicates (a) that friends believe wife has left me, and (b) that they aren't at all surprised. Set course for West End.

7.45 p.m. Still searching for table in restaurant. Fight way to small bar, ask for whisky. Blonde barmaid pats dark parting, says "No whisky, no gin, no rum, no brandy and no swearing."

8.15 p.m. Waiter in Soho depresstaurant brings me menu, switches on wireless. Mussingham Metal Workers' Band plays "Pistol Packin' Momma." Waiter says plaice has been off since Friday, hands me plate containing limbs of muscular rabbit with cabbage à l'Anglaise (method based on discovery that vegetables are only 90 per cent. water, and can therefore be improved by adding other 10 per cent. before serving).

9.0 p.m. Telephone home; no reply. Decide to go on

terrific binge.

10.30 p.m. Binge ended. After ninety minutes' diligent searching have consumed two beers (warm) and short drink believed to be composed of gin and embrocation. Telephone home; no reply. Recall carefree bachelor days. 11.30 p.m. Cries of "Taxi!" still being greeted with

derision. Start walking.

### Wednesday

1.0 a.m. Arrive home. Greeted by wife, who informs me that burglars have wrenched medicine-cabinet from bathroom wall. Proof that they were disturbed is that kettle was left on full gas. Wife asks why I didn't let her know I was coming. Lips move, but reply sticks in throat. Forced to explain reason for strong odour of cheap perfume, and ask wife where she has been, anyway. Wife summons giggling trio of girl-friends from lounge, says "We've been shopping all day, darling, and they can't possibly go at this time of night, but you won't mind sleeping on the settee, will you, darling?" Say "Of course not," and rub kick

7.30 a.m. Abandon hope of sleep. Listen to wife's friends running around saying how well they slept.

8.30 a.m. Obtain possession of bathroom. Hot water

8.45 a.m. Join happy throng at breakfast. Am told I don't look very cheerful for a man on leave.

8.47 a.m. Wife kisses me, says "Gosh we must rush now darling after all there is a war on you know but I'll meet you for lunch at Jackson's and you must mend the kitchen tap, good-bye darling."

Unscrew tap. Remember that water should  $9.20 \ a.m.$ have been turned off at main.

Water off at main. Begin mopping-up  $9.25 \ a.m.$ operations.

Condition of kitchen floor now vastly improved; it is now no more than thoroughly wet.

10.0 a.m. Tap repaired. Turn on water at main. Tap no longer drips, but check self-congratulation on discovering that water will not flow through it at all. So what?

11.20 a.m. Man calls to read gas-meter. Gives me instructive talk on trombones, departs whistling "Pistol Packin' Momma."

12.20 p.m. Meet wife. Conversation constantly interrupted by acquaintances who tell me how lucky I am to be on leave.

1.15 p.m. Wife says, "Gosh I must rush now darling, it's been lovely seeing you good-bye darling."

2.0 p.m. Enter cinema. Sleep through film about love in an aircraft-carrier. Leave hastily when hero of second film, thrown out of flying school because of Noives, leaps into experimental fighter, shoots down two unidentifiable enemy aircraft about to attack teeny-weeny plane flown by millionaire's beautiful daughter, and lands with a New and Fearless Look in his eye.

4.0 p.m. Telephone wife who says neighbour has telephoned news that water is pouring from under kitchen door, and asks why I didn't remember to see to tap.

4.30 p.m. Board train. Find corner seat.
4.48 p.m. Porter says I should be "in the middle 'arf." Squeeze into crowded corridor as train moves off.

8.30 p.m. Reach destination after nineteen stops, seven at stations. Walk to Mess in steady drizzle. Learn that almost entire squadron is visiting neighbouring Mess for party.

10.0 p.m. Go to bed. New arrival in adjoining room

begins playing gramophone.

11.0 p.m. Needle sticks in groove and nasal voice sings "Lay that pistol lay that pistol lay that pistol . . . " Throw shoe at wall.

### Thursday

7.0 a.m. Batman shakes me, says "Sevenerclocksir, it says so on the doorsir, or did you forget to alteritsir?" Clench teeth to prevent answer becoming audible. Batman says he is just off on a forty-eight. Tell him I hope he has as good a time as I did.



"Is the Squadron Leader in?"





### Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. Friends tell us that after the war our skies will be thronged with inexpensive privately - owned aeroplanes. My sister and I agree that, whatever others may do, we shall continue with our occasional excursions to Bognor in a hired motor, keeping to the thirty-mile speed-limit whether in a built-up area or not; but, on the other hand, we cannot say we like the idea of the machines referred to roistering about over our heads in the way cars used to behave at weekends and on Bank Holidays. Is it not time that the Government, at odd moments perhaps, began formulating plans for the maintenance of law and order in the air? Otherwise I feel we shall be expecting too much of our wonderful police force.

CHLOE MAY BINNS (Miss).

- A. It can now be revealed that policemen on ordinary point duty will not be expected to keep an eye on what is going on in the heavens. For this, picked units will be responsible whose job will entail continuous air-watching by means of giant periscopes, any impropriety on the part of the pilot (e.g., attempts to control plane with one arm round neck of wireless operator) being corrected by a series of severe electric shocks operated from ground level. A second offence will be dealt with by specially trained members of this semi-ground staff, who will get themselves magnetically attracted into a net receiving-pocket beneath the offending plane, returning to base by electrically controlled parachute when the necessary adjustment has been made. All planes will be required to pull up from time to time at platforms suspended between barrage balloons where flying licences may be examined and the breath submitted to some simple test for alcohol.
- Q. What would be the best sort of war job for a temporarily toothless laundry-worker with double vision that is expecting to be combed out next month?

.

(Miss) Dot Spofforth.

A. The ideal occupation for any laundry-worker would be leadership of some underground organization which had for its professed object sabetage of property on an extensive scale.

Q. In what strain ought I to write to my poet-fiancé, formerly contributor of a weekly column in 'The Rabbit-Fanciers' Gazette headed "Splinters From a Bunny-Lover's Log" but now N.C.O. in charge of swill and salvage? He says just to tell him about the little things around.

MOBILE DOMESTIC ON WIGAN CIRCUIT.

A. We append a specimen:

"MY DEAREST X,-I cannot help thinking of you whenever I peep out of my wee mop-cupboard window and glimpse beneath the lamp-posts rotund sentinels of salvage-bins gleaming pearly-grey, a freshly-picked bone pallidly visible under the half-raised lid of ours. Trudging butcherwards, I notice that time has healed the scars left by uprooted railings and that the greenery that is spring's is pushing bravely from the massed cornucopias of bursting sandbags amid our civic thoroughfares. Here the delicate carmine of spam delights; there, sausages, mysterious as ever, and snowy cubes of Iceland cod etch themselves upon our hearts. From some half-concealed E.W.S. tank an odoriferous mist ascends into the April air. The practised nostril will distinguish too that unmistakable something which is last Saturday's rock salmon . . ." And so on.

Q. My husband has to get on his shift at such odd hours these days that I can never invite friends into the house for a whist four; which is rather a pity, because I do think a man requires some organized sport after fiddling with aeroplane parts all day. He used to be a keen salt-water fisher too, but now that his only time for a little fun comes often in the dead of night this again is out of the question.

(Mrs.) EDWINA V. BELLPLUSH.

 Not necessarily, if he uses glowworms for bait.

Q. It is becoming the custom here for confectioners to put up notices stating that queues will not be served, which seems such a pity, as formerly we all knew where we were and one often made some nice friends, whereas now everybody lurks about pretending to tie shoe-laces, consult bus timetables, etc., until the first plateful of

unordered rock-buns appears in the confectioner's in question. This is the signal for the five nearest to dart into the shop. A sixth may not join them until the first re-emerges or this would constitute a queue, but the trouble is that one needs to be in training for this sort of thing, as all depends on the speed and efficiency with which intending purchasers can precipitate themselves to their objective from the prepared position they have been occupying.

Handicapped as in my case by a pair of woodies which do not yield to treatment, one's chances of acquiring rock-buns, etc., are not good, and one can hardly help noticing the growing lack of friendly feeling among contestants. Only the other day, happening to trip myself up as I converged in the doorway with a former queueing companion, after my ninth sortie from the telephone kiosk, I was told that my action had been seen through as a transparent device for blocking the entrance. I pointed out that I seldom entered a shop these days but on hands and knees, to which she replied, "You've had it, chum!"

GENERAL'S SISTER.

A. It is all a matter of faulty organization. Your confectioner should note the time taken to serve a single customer, then, stop-watch in hand, plan out a course leading down the street away from his shop, across the road, back along the opposite pavement, finally recrossing to his own doorway. He then takes a bucket of whitewash and a brush and marks out the route with a broad guiding line, and customers are instructed to follow round the prescribed rectangle in single file, each glancing towards their goal as it is approached to ascertain the number of shoppers present. As one from within emerges, the walker nearest the door at that second slips unobtrusively in, the rest continuing briskly in file as before. It may conceivably happen that a walker is unlucky and makes several hundred rounds of the course without ever being in the right spot at the right moment, but we cannot expect everything to be perfect in war-time.

Q. As organizer of our municipal treats committee, it was my lot some days ago to address the inmates of a

home for the aged and infirm on the subject of Pond Life, after the first hour and a half of which I encountered a good deal of heckling from a little clique of disorderly old people in the back row. "You will now be wondering," I remarked at one point, "how the baby water-beetle solves the problem of storing up air under his wing-cases . . ." "How would you solve the problem of post-war un-employment?" shouted the ringleader of the clique, an ex-bricklayer in a pixie hood. "By raising the schoolleaving age to twenty-five!" I riposted, with that aplomb which we politicians somehow acquire in our dealings with opponents. It has since occurred to me that this is in fact the one and only certain solution to the most urgent problem of our times. What is your LADY COUNCILLOR. opinion?

A. Not only would such a scheme ensure jobs for all, it would very likely necessitate the raising of the pension age to eighty or eighty-five to provide instructors for the older pupils, who, in addition to ordinary class subjects, would need to be kept busy with plenty of handwork in the afternoons. Elementary plumbing, paperhanging, carpet-laying, flue exploration, etc., might all be taught coeducationally, the senior boys receiving also instruction in fathercraft in their final year. Advanced schools might even run their own little model stock exchange, using peanuts for spot cash.

The scheme as a whole should be popular with the younger folk too, as enabling parents to give more reliable

assistance with homework.

### An Industrial Case-Book

(Written in collaboration with the Welfare and Industrial Relations Officer of the Snacker and Diplocket Small Things Co. (1928), Ltd.)

AMES McFAUGH worked in shop "L" as a hub-cap machinist. His work, though never exceptionally good, continued to give satisfaction until May 1943, when signs of its rapid deterioration appeared. McFaugh's disposition was nervous and fretful and the foreman's threats served only to increase his agitation and cause a further reduction in his efficiency. An industrial psychologist was then consulted. He

suggested that the worker's self-confidence could only be restored by generous praise and encouragement. For the next month McFaugh was visited at hourly intervals by departmental managers and such directors as happened to be about. The verbal tonics which were bestowed upon him had, however, no effect. He became almost quiescent. Then, through a friend, the head cashier heard of "Pogophren" and communicated his knowledge to McFaugh's foreman, who immediately made arrangements with the canteen waitresses.

To-day an efficient and energetic British workman is operating hubcap machine No. 117. It would be difficult to find any resemblance between this cheerful enthusiast and the listless introvert whom he has replaced. The new man's name is Higgins. "Pogophren" has done its

work. (Advt.)

п

Labour in the mass is an intractable thing. While it struggles ceaselessly to strengthen its position at the expense of Capital it resents with the utmost ferocity any outside attempt to assist in the process. This phenomenon is not nearly so well known as it should The record of - and Sons, Ltd., contains a useful warning. The directors tried to placate their dissatisfied workers by appearing at the works clad in overalls and boiler-suits and by queueing with the operatives every Friday to collect their fees from the wages-clerks. The fact that some of them were injudicious enough to have the overalls, etc., made up from crêpe de Chine, velvet and brocade had little to do with the workers' resentment of the stratagem. When Labour speaks of the levelling process it means levelling up.

ш

Here is a quotation from War Factory by Mass Observation:

The patriotic posters ("It all depends on me," "We want your help," etc., etc.) which plaster every room in the factory might as well be so much ornamental scroll-work for all the notice that is taken of them, by the machine-shop girls at least.

Do not be misled by it. The apparent apathy of those machine-shop girls was, in truth, a protective insensibility dictated by the subconscious defencemechanisms of the human mind. After all, we are fighting for democracy and a better Britain, and to have a florid overfed John Bull pointing sternly at us year in year out is hardly encouraging. The trouble with most factories is

that they exhibit too many posters. Our psychologist tells us that a surfeit of posters inevitably suggests (in the minds of young machine-shop girls, at least) all the evils of an unplanned laissez-faire Britain—ribbon development, cut-throat competition, "stunt" advertising and poverty in plenty. At S. and D.'s things are very different. We have our own workers' hanging committee. To qualify for acceptance a poster must be coloured to harmonize with the workshop fittings and must be large enough to cover the framed portraits of pioneering Diplockets and Snackers.

IV

It is not always to the production side of a business that one must look for opportunities to increase efficiency and reduce costs. This is clearly demonstrated by the recent history of -, and - Ltd., the wellknown firm of drop-forge specialists. In an attempt to reduce overheads the costing department turned its attention to office salaries and decided to introduce a system of piece-rates. The fixing of the various piece- or job-units caused some initial difficulty. Such questions as whether "dummy" was an active participant and whether the preparation of drinks from beefextract was an equivalent task to the brewing of tea had to be decided. At the same time a clocking-on machine was installed for the use of directors. The contraption is designed to work on the principle of the popular weighing-machine. When a director steps on to the machine the fingers fly backwards until 8.30 A.M. is reached. There is a click and a small card, bearing printed forecasts of stockmarket prices and the weather, is released.

The workers seem to resent any changes in the existing order. When the clock was first erected some malcontent defaced it with the inscription:

"Stands th' board-room clock at ten to three?

And is it time to brew the tea?"

In general, however, these innovations have proved very successful, but costs-office costs have shown a tendency to get out of hand.

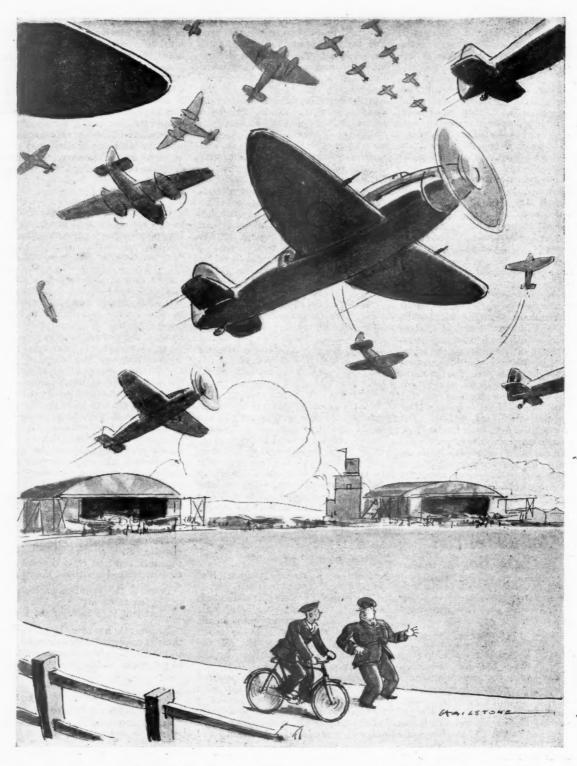
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### Job Lot Corner

"Dining Table, £2 10s.; Car Trailer, £5; Front Door, 30/-; Hand Sewing Machine, not in order, 25/-; Paperhanger's Trestle and Board, 20/-."—Advt. in local paper.

"Lady's Black Coat, Silver Watch, 'Fox's Martyrs,' ermine trimming."

Advt. in daily paper.



"Hang it all, man, why don't you ring your confounded bell?"

### This Talking at Breakfast

ERSONALLY I should have thought that if a man had a bow and arrow on his battledress sleeve, pointing skywards, it ought to mean he was in the Anti-Aircraft; and that a polar bear should mean he had been in Iceland."

"You are confusing divisional signs with puzzles in children's newspapers.

"I don't see how you can help

"If the signs of military formations were as easy to understand as you would like, the Germans would understand them too, and it is precisely so that the Germans will not understand them that we make them completely unintelligible to anyone."

"I'll bet you every German spy is issued with a complete key to them all, printed, as like as not, in Paternoster Row, and that he carries it in his pocket. Mind you, I am fully aware that soldiers like dressing up, but what I am getting at is that, even if you can interpret the whole blooming art gallery of signs on sleeves, you haven't got anywhere. And the same with berets. Can you honestly tell me you know exactly what each colour means?"

"The plum-coloured one is Air-

borne.

"Yes, they kindly tell you that in plain English on the shoulder."

"The black one, like Montgomery

wears, is the Tank Corps.'

"They also tell you that, by means of a tank embroidered on the arm, though I have heard of people who mistook that for a pigeon and said it meant the Royal Corps of Signals. What is the green one?"

As a matter of fact, now that I think of it, that black one goes for

the whole Armoured Corps.'

"Ah! You are uncertain already. You think so? Which units have been issued with the khaki beret so far? Any idea? And what about the blue

"Air raid wardens."

"Have you never seen a soldier in a blue one . . . bright blue?"

"Oh, some foreigner, maybe." "No, an Englishman. Have you ever seen a chocolate one?"

"Yes, yes, with cream on top."

"What was that?"

"Catering Corps?"

"The point I am trying to make is that even if a chap does walk along like a piece of tapestry he conveys nothing to any of us. The whole thing suffers acutely by comparison with the willow-pattern plate, which tells a complete story."

"You are not suggesting a willowpattern beret?'

"No, but the infantry don't even wear anything to indicate whether they are Royal or not.'

"Royal? My dear fellow, the whole

service is Royal."

"Excuse me, the Army is not Royal. That is where most people make a great mistake. The Navy is Royal, and the Air Force is Royal. The Marines are Royal. But the Army for some reason is not. A sailor puts R.N. after his name; the soldier puts nothing but R.I.P."

He puts R.A.

"Only if he is in the Royal Artillery. And he can put R.A.P.C. if he is in the Pay Corps, but the foot-slogger can put nothing, even if he belongs to some favoured regiment like the 'Royal' Fusiliers or the 'Royal' West Kents. It is nor, repeat nor, the 'Royal' Army."

"You propose, then, that Royal regiments should wear the Royal Standard in their buttonholes?"

"I propose that all these sheets of transfers soldiers buy and cut out and stick on their sleeves should at least tell a connected story.

"Did you ever hear of the man who

had an entire hunting scene tattooed all over his body? You would have liked that."

"I want to be told, by symbols, that a man was at Dunkirk, say, and wounded; that he went to West Africa . . .

"How would you show that?"

"Little black men running. "After him, or away from him?" "My dear man, I am not talking about Badoglio or Abyssinia.'

"But little black men running . . . "Oh, well, squatting down and making tea, then. He could also wear something to show he had been torpedoed on the way home."

Wouldn't his relatives have to

wear that?

"If he survived he could show one end of a ship sticking out of the

water."

"With himself clinging to it! Supposing on the other hand that he himself had fired a shot which sank a German battleship?'

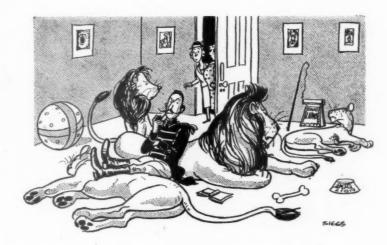
"How many have done that?" "If only one has he is entitled to

show it.

"All right, let him show the end of a battleship, and the other fellow can wear a life-belt."

"By this time, old boy, a sergeant in your precious unit will not even have room for his stripes."

"Exactly; and in my precious unit a sergeant-major wears his crown, for that very reason, level with the wrist. Good morning.'



"And this is my husband's little den."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Well! What have you got-



to show me?"



"I suppose you realize you're driving on the wrong side of the road."



"I'm positive we started here, dear-I remember this chipped frame."

## Always ready to serve



There's plenty of Heinz—in Italy, Sicily, Africa and elsewhere. That's why there is less in the shops. And who would have it otherwise? But don't think you cannot get Heinz at all. Keep a sharp eye open and you will still see the famous name about. And, as ever, it stands for goodness—goodness that stays good in store.

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Baked Beans — Soups — Salad Cream — Mayonnaise
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—and needs it too. Weston biscuits help her to carry on her countless jobs, whether in the Services or on the land, in factories, in hospitals, or keeping the home going.

They are concentrated energy-food, and the finest ingredients obtainable—wheat, sugar and fats—are used by Weston, the largest makers of biscuits in the Empire.

Weston

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Remarkable 'made-to-measure' paint products developed by Berger chemists to fit the special equipment, varied technique and novel application methods of service use, hold great promise for post-war decoration and industrial finishing

## My home spray-painted

2

After the war can
I have my home spray-painted inside and
out?" Very likely — at the moment we
cannot say — but if so — Berger will
supply the paint

## Berger Paints

Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd., London, Birmingham, Glasgow, Dublin, Durban, Sydney, Melbourne: Adelaide, Perth, Wellington Depots at Bristo', Belfast, Cardiff, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Newcastle The reputation of the K.L.G. Sparking Plug is not built on humour, nevertheless it has its good "Points."



K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., PUTNEY VALE, S.W.15



IT'S A GOOD

—that isn't ashamed of its age.

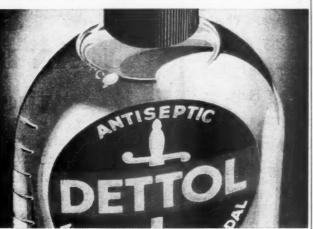
When a toothbrush is *still* brisk and springy after months of wear, then it's a good brush. Try the test with Halex—bristle or nylon.

Halex

BRIST

NYLON

TOOTHBRUSHES



In fighting infection in your own home, learn from the hospital. Against the germs that cause infection modern science has a modern weapon. In our great hospitals, in surgical, medical and maternity wards throughout the country, surgeons, doctors and nurses protect their patients—and protect themselves—with 'Dettol'.







TO-DAY . . . proving ground of



Consider the purpose for which batteries are used, where they are used, how they are used to-day in the air, on land, on sea. Oldham batteries with their exceptional power in reserve continue to provide trouble-free service under these conditions. Much is demanded of them and much is given by these tough, built-to-last batteries.

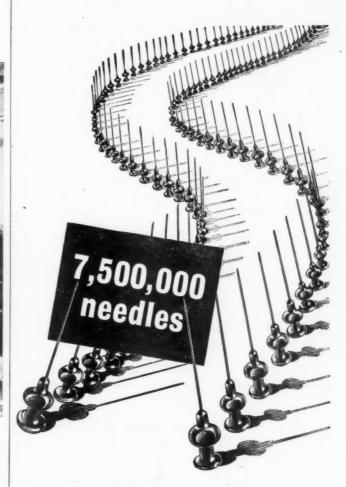
War, the ruthless appraiser of efficiency, is a proving ground for the batteries of to-morrow. From these operations Oldham's technical research specialists are keeping a close watch for fact-revealing data which might advance the standard of their post-war products—IF THAT IS POSSIBLE!

Leadership in quality for over 30 years is an incentive to the Oldham organisation to spare no effort to retain it.



BATTERIES with power to spare

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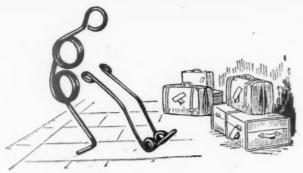
### is a lot of needles!..

Most people know that hypodermic needles are made of very finely tempered stainless steel tubing, not much thicker than a human hair. One of the largest manufacturers of hypodermic needles tells us that in the last few years they have made, from our tube, altogether seven and a half million needles—and only one has broken in use. We were depressed about this one until we found out that the breakage

was due either to an accident or else to very rough usage.

## ACCLES & POLLOCK Steel Tube Manipulators

OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM · ENGLAND One of the companies in the Tube Investments group.

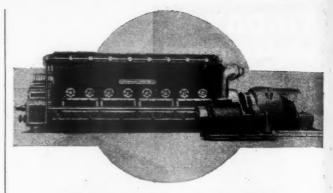


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- the journey, no! Efficiency - yes, even under the most strenuous working conditions. The consistent performance of our springs and pressings has been a vital contribution to the development of industry during the last forty years.

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Rheumatism-however mild your symptoms-exacts a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are usually the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment in your own home. It contains the essential curative qualities of seven world - famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the in-convenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant, effervescent drink dissolves impurities in the blood-stream and greatly assists the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. Pur. Tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.



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The Peebles Patent Rotary Water Strainer is designed to remove twigs, algæ, sand and other detritus from process and other waters.

The constant self - cleaning device is fully automatic in action, and is so efficient that fine screens can be used without the slightest fear of clogging.

Our technical publication, "The Peebles Patent Rotary Water Strainer," gives full particulars, and will be sent to responsible enquirers post-free on application.

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## Not to waste words . . .

insulating board is that it retards the transmission of heat—it has the same insulating capacity as 12 times its thickness in brick. You would expect it to be widely used to conserve fuel in warpurpose-buildings—it is! There are few types of building which would not benefit from the increased warmth and comfort made possible by Celotex insulation; so we anticipate wide interest when we shall be able to announce that supplies are again generally available.

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CHAMPION SPARKING

## And what DOES the doctor order?

We've just had a glowing testimonial to Spire Nuts: "Assembly time is down by nearly 20%. We've cut out fitting washers entirely, of course, and once the job's assembled it stays put! Your Spire Nuts are just what the Doctor ordered".

Do we sound ungrateful if we say that we're not terribly pleased with this letter? It's good to hear that our friend is pleased with Spire Nuts, but what kind of Spire Nuts is he using? We don't know. There are some 300 various types already and new ones being designed every week. And who said Spire anyway? We do make other types of Stop Nuts, you know. In fact we're the biggest makers of Stop Nuts in the country. Should our friend be using one of these—a Simmonds or a Pinnacle, perhaps? We don't know.

In short the Doctor hasn't ordered anything. The patient has bought himself a 'box of our pills' and that's not the best way to use Simmonds. We do know something about assembly and fixing problems and if you'll let us diagnose the case we'll certainly help to find the best answer. Next patient, please.

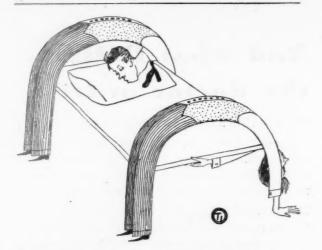


THE SIMMONDS NUT . PINNACLE NUT . SPIRE NUT

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stretching their ingenuity and exercising their resourcefulness in a determined effort to develop the use of tubular steel in furniture design. We produced miracles of design and comfort before the war, as many of you can testify, but just wait until priority numbers are past history and we will give the most ardent planners an example upon which to dream

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The bigger ones have a more serious job to do—they are used for the storage of plasma for blood transfusion. These are only two of the surprising ways in which specialised glassware is meeting current needs. Our Research Department is finding others and collaborates with those manufacturers who are curious about what glass can do.

### FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY & THE HOME CHANCE GLASS

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED, Glass-Makers since 1824, Produce Rolled Plate. Wired Glass, Pressed Glassware, Laboratory Glassware, Architectural, Decorative and Lighting Glassware, Optical Glass, Scientific and other specialised Glass Products, Marine and Aviation Lighting Equipment. Head Office: Smethwick, Birmingham. www London Office: 10, Princes Street, Westminster, London, S.W.I. www



### Inter-works deliveries?

The one ton capacity "Electric" is proving ideal for inter-works deliveries. Have you thought about it? "Electrics" use home produced fuel, are cheap to run and maintain, and are easily operated by women or young workers.

## ELECTRIC

The Electric Vehicle Association of Gt. Britain Ltd. (Dept. P.16), 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

## THIS PLAN WILL BRING YOU

Assuming you are a man aged 35 and you would like to provide for a private income of £400 a year for life commencing at age 55, this is how the plan works out. You make monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly payments of an agreed sum to the Sun Life of Canada, the great Annuity Company, and you get in return

Any Age, Any Amount

Any Age, Any Amount
Though 35 and £400 a year for life have
been quoted here, the plan may be varied
to suit other ages and to provide larger or
smaller incomes. It is also available
in slightly different form for women.
Whatever amount you can save (from £1
a month) for your own and your family's
future, this plan is the safest and most
profitable you can adopt.

£645,276,000-Assurances in Force

### £400 a Year for Life

At 55 years of age the Sun Life of Canada will start paying you an income for life of \$400 per annum. Or, if you prefer, you can have £6,530, plus accumulated dividends, in lieu of the pension.

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On every payment to the Company you are entitled to a rebate of Income Tax—a concession which will save you a considerable sum during the period.

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Should you not live to the age of 55, £5,000, plus accumulated dividends, will be paid to your family.

Over 1,000,000 men and women enjoy the financial protection (for themselves and their families) guaranteed by policies, now amounting to £645,276,000, of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada—the largest Company of the British Empire transacting Life Assurance solely. War Risk Cover available for Civilians depending upon Individual Circumstances FILL IN THIS FORM NOW POSTAGE ONE PENNY IF UNSEALED Or letter will do

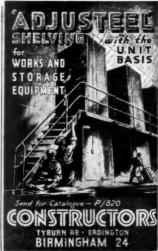
To H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles)

### SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA (Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)

22, Sun of Canada House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1

I should like to know more about your Income Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

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ADDRESS	· boy	******
	3	
Occupation	Exact date of birth	
Occupation	Exact date of birth	*****



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	Wag-a-lot
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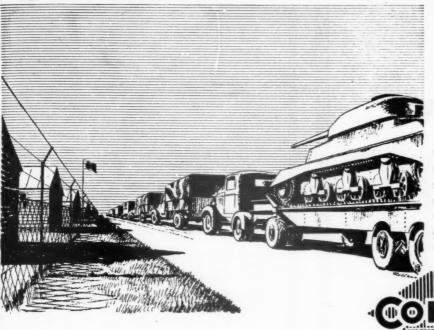
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Wheels of departing or returning bombers . . . long convoys of military transport . . . Colas Products on aerodrome runways, on camp roads and desert roads, stand the racket of war and stand it well. Until peace returns to the gardens and country clubs of the world-Colas is on War Service only.

By Appointment H.M. King George

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In the modern pumping unit, 'wet' motor and pump are coupled together under water. The pioneer model was completed in 1911, and was first used to refloat a water-logged barge. The 1944/5 models, available to priority

users give the highest output from great depths at the lowest cost. For a leaflet giving information on problems of water supply write to the designers and makers.

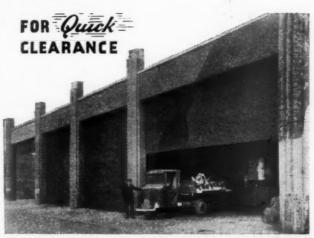
HAYWARD-TYLER WET MOTOR PUMPS

Hayward-Tyler and Co., Ltd., Shell Mex House, London, W.C.2.



The rapid clearance of loading bays, which is vital to efficiency in industry, is facilitated by the use of electrically operated steel shutters.

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AT WAR.

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The makers of Meltonian Shoe Cream will not use uncontrolled substitute materials, incapable of maintaining the high standard of quality and efficiency for which this cream is famous. That is why sometimes you may find difficulty in getting Meltonian Shoe Cream. But stocks are fairly distributed and your retailer will have his quota, so go on asking for MELTONIAN ... you may be lucky!

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### FITNESS FOR PURPOSE ...

IN these days of restricted buying, one worth-while truth learned is that the best is cheapest in the end. It applies to guns and 'planes just as much as to "shoes and ships and sealing-wax." To electric fires, too!



THE Ferranti Radiant Fire has always been the cheapest to use, though never the cheapest to buy. THE present restricted output of electric fires has proved the inherent quality of the Ferranti Fireits "fitness for purpose"-for thousands of pre-war models are still in use, bought by those whose sense of economy made them pay a little more for quality.

## FERRANT

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The family will appreciate that little addition of LEMCO BEEF EXTRACT. it makes all the difference to your cooking.

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All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



## Francis Lemann

baker of hand-made

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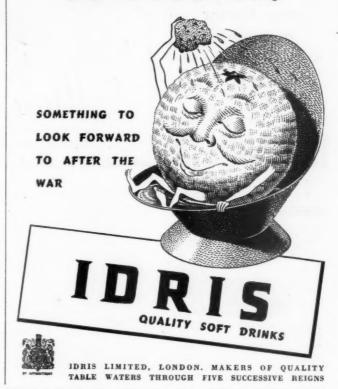


when the Original London Captains Biscuits were first sold.

Their wholesome long-keeping properties are still unrivalled in 1944, when quantities are reduced, distribution is restricted and only quality remains steadfast.

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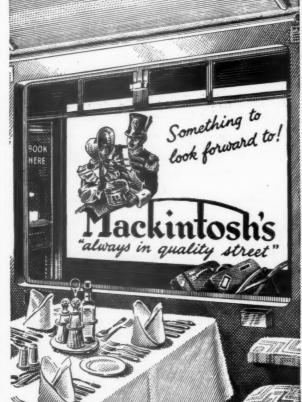
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10/- will food one child for 10 days.

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Rottle all the Police and Your Year Use the More economical 'follow-on Carton' whenever possible. Don't blame your dealer if he is temporarily out of stock. Supplies are limited. SHOPS SNAP SHOPS CLOSURES

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To the charm of Chairman as a fine tobacco are added other values in these trying days—it soothes the nerves; it helps the calm that dignifies; it inspires the judgment that directs. The tobacco for all times—but especially these times.

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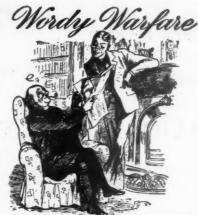


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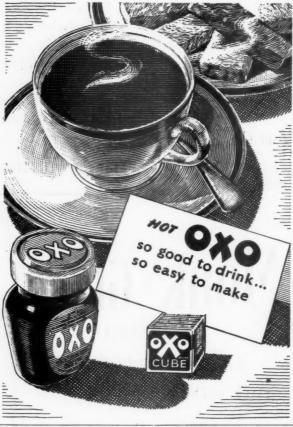
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